

The People's Press

VOL. XXI.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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men, for example, leading men, seriously arguing that capital punishment should never be inflicted upon a murderer; we see spiritualism, with all its vain sophistries gradually enlarging the circle of its influence; we see daily evidence of atheistic notions creeping into the popular mind, with the quick, subtle, smooth coil of serpent, gaining a hold; we see the Roman Catholic Church, with all its pristine power and seeming devotion, steadily growing the reins of government, and we see them so powerful in some sections, as to prohibit by law the reading of the Bible in the public schools. We see them striking at the very root of all religion. There are thousands of other evils, selling evils; and unless there is a determined, well-directed, intelligent, united, and educated opposition to them they will control the destinies of the nation. I know this is no pleasant topic, but it is true, and he who would shrink from telling the true state of facts, he who would refuse to face matters as they stand and warn men of danger approaching, is no true friend of the community. America to-day, is failing in all the grand works of national importance, in every field of labor, in every cause, and all the great benefits to humanity that could result from a healthy, sound, pure and refined social state; and I sometimes think that if over the throne of Heaven is seated in gloom, if ever comes such a time, if ever the harps of angels hang in silence by their sides, it is when the guardian angel of our nation's safety wings its flight to the Holy Presence, and reports that in America, the land once so blessed, all is in decay and desolation, and that "the warning angel as he writes it down drops it on the nations and the world, and dies." Is this picture overdrawn? You have only to look around—examine the country's condition, and you will be forced to the conclusion that it is truly strange, true. Oh young man, you have a solemn, awful responsibility resting over you. It is a solemn thing to live, a crime to live and do no good. Do you desire your country's good? Then sit in the grand work of elevating the human race—extend a kind sympathetic to the less fortunate of our race, let us benefit humanity, and elevate public opinion; and with one hand grasping fallen man, and the other the topmost branch of truth he has left, and with it, with all we place him, safe upon a firm foundation. That's what these arms were given for—that's what they mean, and he who fails in this, fails in all the noble and exalted ends of life. No where in the annals of history do we read of national disaster, but this in the same verse we read of national ignorance, and no where do we read of national prosperity but that we read in the same verse of national education and culture. A lack of education has been the birth of tyrants in every land, where these have been born: a want of education, and knowledge plunged France into all the horrors and miseries of the French revolution, ignorance and superstition caused England to fall for a century and a half in the search of civilization, and has been the cause of almost all the woes and all the woes that have made man's life a curse. But on the other hand, where there is a healthy, sound, pure, patriotic, all works worthy. Point me to a state or a nation where school houses dot the hills and I will show you a courageous and a thrifty community; point me to a state or nation where the mass of letters is reported, and his works sought after and I will show you a progressive people; point me to a young man just entering upon the threshold of life, stirring his soul with useful information, making true education his chief end, and I will show you a man in the truest sense of the term—a man who yields an influence in the land, and yields that influence for good. Then what is our duty? Let school houses and academies flourish in the land—let the means of education be extended to all, however humble, let education become so common that all may attain it, and in that way make our people celebrated for culture and refinement. Another demand upon us, as a people, is for us to adapt ourselves to the changed condition of affairs, and take a deep interest in all that concerns our national name and honor. It is a fact that much of the patriotism that once existed in the American heart, has been stifled in lust and thirst after wealth and place. We have seen men upon whom the people had built their hopes, from whom they expected benefits, smother all their patriotism, and raised by their inordinate craving for office and riches. We see the god of wealth becoming the chief idol of the nation; we see huge corporations gradually swallowing up our liberties and gaining control of the nation, and yet there is not one man in the land who will raise his voice for the right. During the last decade we have undergone a social revolution—society has been shaken to its very foundation; the smoke of battle has floated o'er our once happy land, and we have seen those whom we most loved snatched from us with the quick, sharp stroke of the battle knife; the bones of those who were dear to us have bleached on Virginia's soil, and we look around us to day and see the white locks and bowed forms of those, who, but a few short years since, were in all the strength and buoyancy of manhood. We enquire why this sudden change. It is the workings of silent grief and despair. Men seem to have lost all hope—surrounded themselves to despair, and lost all interest in what pertains to the country's welfare. This ought not to be; for surely we have a land worth living for; and let us remember, I know this is no pleasant matter, but the signs of the times verify it, and the sooner we realize and act upon it the better for us; for we do not want to lament it to the last day of our lives. Let that state of affairs once come upon us and our name and character as a people will be obliterated and our history a warning to future generations.

And now, young men, you who have enjoyed the advantages of almost every, in fact, in every department of literature, science, and political economy. But I will not attempt to discuss all that might be said upon these subjects, and will content myself by mentioning only a few of what seem to be the most urgent demands. From the very nature of our society and government and the mutual dependence of the one upon the other, and the inability of the one to thrive and prosper without the other, and also prove the fact that health, purity and refinement cannot exist in one and be absent from the other.

The subject on your periphery is a broad one, embracing thoughts in almost every, in fact, in every department of literature, science, and political economy. But I will not attempt to discuss all that might be said upon these subjects, and will content myself by mentioning only a few of what seem to be the most urgent demands. From the very nature of our society and government and the mutual dependence of the one upon the other, and the inability of the one to thrive and prosper without the other, and also prove the fact that health, purity and refinement cannot exist in one and be absent from the other.

A complete and perfect system of education is absolutely the only path to the nation's safety. Do you demand any proof of this? Then cast your eyes around, look at any portion of our land, and you will see the truth of this irresistibly thrust upon you. We see too often in every assemblage this statement, sadly, sorrowfully verified. Education does not simply mean book-knowledge, though that is absolutely essential to constitute it. It strikes deeper than that. It means the elevation, the refining and purifying of all the nature of man, and the cultivation of all the better qualities which make up the man, in the true sense of the word. There are many men and women in this land, in the humbler walks of life, who would have been ornaments to society, pillars of state, and useful to their country, who were maimed, crippled, disabled, rendered powerless, all for the want of early training and education. There is many a young man to-day who longs for the active, useful spheres of life, who pants for the active duties of life, whose soul is filled with noble aspirations, with his energies crippled, his hopes withered, his ambition blighted; and all because of this terrible, this shameful defect in our social and governmental laws.

Yes, America has evils, and serious ones, and the chief, the most galling one, is a failure to provide a system of education. We of the American people, are accustomed to flatter ourselves with the pleasing fancy that, as a nation, we are the most intelligent and successful of all the creation. It is a mistaken idea. It is a vain thought, a dangerous delusion, and I assert here, without fear of successful contradiction, that there are more false theories, more evil doctrines, more pernicious ideas afloat in the American mind to-day, than in any other nation on the globe, with equal chances. There are evils at work now in the land, which, if not checked, will sap the foundations of society, and when that falls our nation will fall, for society is the pillar of government and the grand bulwark of national freedom and prosperity. We hear

grandly, proudly along through a land of rare fertility, now lost from view in the mountain gorge, now emerging into a beautiful valley covered with the rarest flowers and finest verdure; we see vast expanses of magnificent country extending as far as the eye can penetrate—all the work of a bountiful hand. And yet, amid all this, is a people gloomy and despondent, who have surrendered to materialism, steadily growing the reins of government, and we see them so powerful in some sections, as to prohibit by law the reading of the Bible in the public schools. We see them striking at the very root of all religion. There are thousands of other evils, selling evils; and unless there is a determined, well-directed, intelligent, united, and educated opposition to them they will control the destinies of the nation. I know this is no pleasant topic, but it is true, and he who would shrink from telling the true state of facts, he who would refuse to face matters as they stand and warn men of danger approaching, is no true friend of the community. America to-day, is failing in all the grand works of national importance, in every field of labor, in every cause, and all the great benefits to humanity that could result from a healthy, sound, pure and refined social state; and I sometimes think that if over the throne of Heaven is seated in gloom, if ever comes such a time, if ever the harps of angels hang in silence by their sides, it is when the guardian angel of our nation's safety wings its flight to the Holy Presence, and reports that in America, the land once so blessed, all is in decay and desolation, and that "the warning angel as he writes it down drops it on the nations and the world, and dies."

Young man, there is room for your name on that list of statesmen and benefactors—the space is blank and waiting to be filled and posterity will guide the pen that will write it there. Do worthy deeds; and it will be placed there. We need—in our community of cities, towns, and villages,

social and political storms. We need men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole; men who will stand up for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels; men who will tell the truth and set the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. And especially will we need them in the young future; for the times indicate that long before many of us shall reach the meridian of life, all the courage, intellect and purity of the land will be called out to guide our social and governmental affairs. The indications are that many questions, involving the woe or woe of the community will soon be sprung upon us.

Put your ear to the ground and you will hear the fierce, rolling conflict between capital and labor, roaring and reverberating upon the hills of old England, borne to us by the ocean wave, and beginning now to distract the different elements of society here; put your ear to the ground and you will hear the sharp, clashing contest between the conflicting interests and rights of the different sections of our land; put your ear to the ground and you will hear the low, deep mutterings of storms of social and national theories, all rising in the distance and fast approaching us to be determined. And when that comes we will need men of steel and prudence, who can calmly survey the various fields, reconcile all the conflicts, and lead this nation to prosperity and peace. Then let us prepare ourselves well for the drama of life and preserve our society and government; and let us resolve that, when the old world with "all its pomp and pride and circumstance" shall be covered with oblivion, when thrones shall have crumbled and dynasties shall have been forgotten this glorious country, despite the mad schemes of politicians and tricksters, shall stand amid regal ruin and national desolation, towering sublime, like the last mountain in the Duling, majestic, commanding, magnificent.

And permit me, ladies, to say a word or two to you. Though you do not participate prominently in the affairs of the nation, yet a vast deal of the public welfare depends upon you and is controlled by you. Your ideas and your utterances wield an influence of which you have not the slightest apprehension. You wield an influence upon the destiny of society and government which no one can calculate. There is nothing that gives more stimulus and encouragement to a man trying to do his duty than the approbation of a true woman; there is nothing which stirs more flowers o'er the thorny path of life than that tender sympathy which only a true woman can give. Let all your countenance and encouragement be extended to the man who is nobly trying to do his duty to society. No matter how humble he may be, or how lowly his calling, be thou upon him your smile and plaudits, rather than upon him who dwells in palaces, and is yet a useless member of and a drain upon society.

And now, in conclusion, I speak to many to-day who will soon step out into the broad sea of life. You will meet with many, chilling blasts, and many rebuffs, but remember that true bravery consists in stemming the tide of misfortune and facing calmly the storms and disasters of life. I remember reading of a scene that occurred in the late French war, that was peculiarly grand and touching. The French army had been routed and scattered, and were fleeing in all directions like leaves before an angry wind. There was a young French Captain who with his company had been cut off from his command. The Prussian army was dealing death and destruction on every side. The young Captain formed his men into the hollow square and planted himself in front. As the foe charged they stood firmly at their posts. On they charged, like a fierce, rolling wave; and the gallant young officer, firmly, coolly said: "steady, boys, steady." There was true bravery, true courage, and worthy the highest praise. And so let us, when the fierce rolling waves of misfortune rush upon us, stand unwavering at the post of duty. Let us be men in the strife of life, do our duty and be useful; and when our last, long, lingering look shall be turned upon the scenes of this life, we will know that our duty is done and in the future the impartial hand of posterity will write over our heads "he was a true and a useful man"—the noblest epitaph that can be written by the hand of man.

Not less bitter than the feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, or those of the Montagues and Capulets, has been the lifelong vendetta cherished in the Cherokee Nation. The rival chieftains were once Ross and Ridge; later, the family of Downing seems to be the sole representative of the anti-Ross party. The election which took place in the Nation recently was a Ross victory, and a bloody fight is the consequence. The report that a war of extermination is imminent is probably somewhat exaggerated; but it is very likely that many deaths will follow this outbreak, just as has been the case in previous instances. White men can throw no stones at this semi-civilized tribe. Election riots have heretofore been the exclusive pastime of the proud Caucasian.

The first peaches received in the city of New York this year were from the North Carolina orchards. There are four hundred thousands rifles being manufactured in this country for the Turkish government, upon a late order. A Pittsburgh firm claims to have discovered a process of making Russia iron, a secret England has offered \$250,000 for

Origin of the Medon Indians.

The Rev. R. Walker, a Lethbridge minister of considerable repute, has published in the "Lethbridge Observer" an account of the origin of the Medon Indians. According to his theory the Medons take their name from "Medoo" or "Medic," a Welsh prince, who with a colony of his countrymen, (so says the old Welsh tradition) came to this country in A. D. 1160, about 200 years before Columbus. Owen Glynd, the King of North Wales, dying, left two sons, who it seems could not agree about the management of the kingdom. Medic, who was probably the younger, and who had command of the fleet, gathered a number of followers and with a few small ships, steering west of Ireland, struck out for a new country where he might live in peace. He found a fine country on the coast of South Carolina. He was so much pleased with the climate and soil that he left a colony of 120 persons, male and female, and returning to Wales, loaded his ships with another colony, and started for the New World. On the voyage, it is supposed, the whole fleet was wrecked, for

main. Those facts are found in Welsh annals, kept in the abbeys of Saint Flur and Conway. These annals are referred to by Humphrey Lloyd in his continuation of Caradoc's "History of Wales," extending from A. D. 1157 to 1270. Medic's emigration to the New World is mentioned by several Welsh poets, who lived before the time of Columbus. Gutun Owen, one of the earliest bards of Wales, also refers to Prince Medic in one of his ballads (see "Ancient America" by J. D. Baldwin, page 288.) We have no account of the Welsh colony for nearly 500 years; but in 1660, a Welsh missionary was taken prisoner by the Tuscarora Indians of South Carolina; he was condemned to death and in lamenting his fate spoke in Welsh. One of the chiefs heard and understood him; he was saved. He continued with these Indians for some time and preached to them in Welsh, which they understood very well. The name of this missionary was Morgan Jones, and he appears to have been a man of veracity and honor, as may be seen in the Appendix to Baldwin's "Ancient America."

The Indians, it is well-known, are a roving people, and when once started there is no telling where they will stop. The Tuscaroras may have emigrated to the Pacific slope and gradually worked their way up to Washington Territory and the Modocs may be the descendants of the Welsh. If the Welsh colonists retained a knowledge of their forefathers from 1170 to 1660, viz., 500 years, as is evident from the account of Rev. A. Morgan Jones, may not some of the Modocs know something of the Welsh even now? The question might be settled satisfactorily by sending some Welshman to hold a talk with Captain Jack and his comrades.

Sunday Among the Chippewas.

From a letter of a Times correspondent, who signs himself U. L. B., we clip the following extract relating to the Chippewa agency:

"On Sunday morning, July 13, despite the threatening weather and muddy roads, a large population of Indians turned out to the morning service in the Little Episcopal church, a building erected through the efforts of that devoted friend of the Indians, Bishop Whipple. The clergyman, Rev. Mr. Johnson, was educated, and, we believe, is supported by the Episcopalian. He is a full-blooded, a large, portly man, and speaks words with much ease and good emphasis. The entire service was in Chippewa, with the exception of the lesson of the day in the Psalter, the prayer-book being a translation made in Canada into that language. The long agitated words peculiar to the Indian tongue are broken up into monosyllables in the hymns to suit the measure. The audience was a very picturesque one. Most came on foot, but a few in ox-carts, with the snorting, wolf-like dogs accompanying them. The men all wore citizens' dress, but the women had bright shawls over their heads. Some of the young men wore garlands of white flowers on their hats. There was the most devout attention during the services, and each appeared to take part in it.

"After the sermon, the clergyman asked if any one would like to speak, and a chief, (Was-bon-e-quon, White Cloud), made a very easy and telling address, reinforcing, as I was assured, the arguments of the preacher. One expression he used was, "I used to laugh at these things, which the preacher said, but after awhile I found out that I was only laughing at myself." In the afternoon there was a "Sunday school concert" in the school buildings, and the interpreter translated the addresses; in the evening a "Sunday school." There are nearly a dozen white women of education and refinement, wives and daughters of the different agents or teachers employed, who are giving up their lives to these unknown labors of benevolence. It has been the aim of the new movement to apply to the uplifting of the Indians the great lever of religion, and the churches and missionary societies have supplemented the work of the Indian agency."

A Memphis jury having convicted a man of murder have found that the supposed murdered man is living. The question is whether the verdict shall be rescinded, or the man allowed to murder his victim.

The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the ponsive, she obeyed and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others.

Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest men cannot gather them again.

Liquor is sold in 8,403 places in New York City.

The Way Insurance Policies are Paid.
There is probably no business generally participated in as insurance, in which so little is practically known. Many think that the property is partially or wholly destroyed, that they recover the value of the property destroyed may not be half the value. This is common error, though of course confined to the less informed in such matters. Others, carrying a stock varying in value from \$25,000 to \$30,000, and an insurance for the smaller sum, suppose that in case of damage by fire, involving a loss of the greater amount, they can recover the entire value of the policy, which is paid up to the insured.

There is a provision in the insurance policies of solvent companies, drawn in plain terms for \$25,000 stock, with \$20,000 insurance, that in case of damage by fire, involving a loss of \$30,000 to the insured, the companies will pay five-sixths of the loss and the insured will bear the other sixth himself. These are pieces of information well worth holding in remembrance especially by the less informed on the subject.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Hospital Sunday in London.

There are about 1,000 places of public worship of all kinds in London, and \$32 of these agreed that all the money collected in them on a certain Sunday in June should be given to the hospitals of the metropolis. This was a good idea, and it was well carried out. The day was a beautiful one; the attendance at the churches was very large, and the contributions of rich and poor alike were very liberal. Exactly one-half of the \$32 churches which joined in this movement belong to the Established Church; of the other half 66 are Roman Catholic, 15 are Synagogues (and the Hebrews, as is their wont, exceeded their Christian brethren in the largeness of their contributions), and the remainder are divided among 21 different Protestant sects. The whole amount realized is not yet known, but the aggregate in thirty-one churches, including St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey and the Catholic Pro-Cathedral was \$22,659. At this rate the whole contribution ought to be about \$40,000, or \$200,000—very respectable day's work, to say nothing of the indirect but wholesome effect produced by this practical demonstration of how men of every religion can act together in the service of humanity. But as there are no less than 235 hospitals of all kinds in London, the amount collected, large as it is, will not go very far if each institution gets a slice.—*World Correspondent.*

Dogs and their Cost.

The papers of Virginia are making war on the dogs and figuring out the great cost of the brutes. The *Charlottesville Chronicle* goes into statistics as to both people and dogs:

The population of Virginia is 1,225,163 (last census). The average number of persons to a family is five. This will give 245,032 families; many of them have two or three dogs—one colored family in Charlottesville has four—but say half, that is, three dogs to two families, gives for the State 367,548 dogs. If they consume a half pint of meal a day each, this is 2,871 bushels of meal every day, and 1,047,915 bushels of meal alone every year. At 80 cents a bushel, this costs \$32,329 every year. Add to this the sheep killed by them—immense number but unknown. Two persons in one county (Albemarle) lost last year one hundred and seventy-three. This rate for the State is 17,300 sheep—worth more than all the dogs in America. Rate the sheep at less than three dollars, and we have nearly \$52,000 of meat added to their bread, thus costing the State every year nearly \$90,000. Every estimate here is below the mark, and all fractions thrown out. The cost to our people then is nearly or quite a million of dollars a year.

A Mid-Summer Night Horror.

Joaquin Miller relates a story horrible enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of sensation horrors. It is about a mining camp in a lonely district in California where the scurvy broke out. They had no way of treating the afflicted ones, when one of the miners happened to remember a cure he had formerly heard called the "earth cure." So they dug six deep pits in the shadow of a huge pine and buried the patients up to the chin, having first taken off their clothes. The earth was shoveled back and closely packed down about them, and the six heads in the moonlight had a ghastly look, "like men rising in resurrection to meet the judgment." The buried men, like all hard working miners soon dozed off into a deep, stuporous sleep. Their companions, who were watching them grow dozy, too, and crawled off to their beds, and slept soundly till morning, when they went to see how their companions were getting on. They found that the wolves had been down and eaten off every one of the six heads level with the ground.

The story is told

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered by the People's Press Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice, **BILLHEADS,** **LETTERHEADS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,** **PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, &c., &c.** Books in types, and in sizes from 12mo. to 16mo. and 18mo.

OBITUARY NOTICES. — From and after this date, obituary notices of more than five lines will be invariably charged at the same rate as advertisements.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS. — Hereafter we will require cash in advance for all legal advertisements. Clerks of Courts, Attorneys, and others interested, will please take notice.

Changes in our governmental machinery have become so apparent since our "late unpleasantness," that it is the duty of the press of the country to sound the alarm and warn the people of every section of the great danger of centralization. The first note of this danger were sounded last summer and fall, but were then considered by many as mere electioneering tricks, to further the ends of the Liberal Republicans and Democrats. At that time we joined in sounding the alarm, and now we are sorry to see that the danger is even more threatening.

The country is allied with administration, or, as they are called, "Government officials," who occasionally throw out a few hints about the instability of free governments and the tendency to an elective monarchy, which they seem to favor, professing to have no choice as to the "coming man," but leaning towards a strong government, supported by the military, if necessary. These are a few of the hints thrown out to feel the public pulse, and familiarize the people with the surroundings of imperialism.

The New York *Herald* has been agitating "Cæsarian" as he calls the apparent preparations for a third term of Gen. Grant. It is even hinted that the great Centennial Jubilee at Philadelphia in 1876, will be the last anniversary of our independence, and that the Presidential election of that year will determine whether we are freemen or slaves to party, at the risk of jeopardizing our free institutions.

It is no easy matter to overcome the prejudices of 40,000,000 of freemen, in a few years; but it can be done by degrees and in an instant manner.

For the past six years the South has been virtually ruled by federal bayonets, and by a class of adventurers who, insinuating themselves into the good graces of the colored population, misrepresented the people in the several Legislatures to the almost ruin of the States South. Every movement towards reform was thwarted, and the bayonet used to intimidate the people at the polls in some sections.

This tendency towards despotism has been gradually growing for years, even previous to the late war. The first indications were the disregard of the Constitutional safeguards thrown around the peculiar institutions of the South.

A civil war was the consequence, during which the despotic spirit was strengthened by arbitrary measures unheard of in any civilized country. The remarks of Secretary Seward to Lord Lyons, on September 14th, 1861:—"My Lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio. I can touch the bell again and order the arrest of a citizen of New York. Can the Queen of England, in her dominions, do as much?"—were the first outspoken boasts of despotic power expressed in this country since 1776. After the war was over it was hoped these arrests would cease, but instead of this being the case, the country was overrun by detectives, who, upon the slightest pretext, arrested citizens, without even informing them of the reason. Petty spites of negroes was enough to cause respectable and law abiding citizens to be incarcerated in filthy dungeons for months, before a hearing would be had, and even then discharged without any recourse as to damages for false imprisonment. In fact all the acts of reconstruction were of a humiliating character, and only submitted to by the people because they hoped time would change matters and things for the better. Alas! instead of bettering matters, each horde of officials increased the burdens of the South, and the individuality of the States was in a manner gone.

This third term Presidential movement is only another covert attack on our liberties, and we hope the people will arouse all over the country and in public meetings denounce this monstrous innovation on the old custom of electing a President for two successive terms only, or far better, insisting on the "one term" policy of the Liberal Republicans. A united movement of the people will do much to break the back of this new and dangerous political machine, and ensure to posterity our glorious free institutions unimpaired.

We repeat that this centralization scheme has been the work of years, and has gradually insinuated itself into high places of trust, to the jeopardy of our liberties, and the best interests of the whole country. Let the people crush the monster ere it is too late.

PENNSYLVANIA AIR LINE.

This is the name for a new route from Washington to New York, which runs from Washington to Baltimore over the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad, and thence down the line completed within the past year. At Baltimore, in place of the former tedious transfer by horse-power through the city, the entire train passes under Baltimore through the Tunnels of the Baltimore & Potomac and Union Railroads, just finished, and makes connection with the old line at a point called Bay View, on the outskirts of the city. The entire train goes through from Washington to New York and vice versa by steam.

Several advantages are offered by this New Route over the old line, being one hour quicker from Washington to Philadelphia and New York, and thus enables passengers for Boston and the New England States to make sure connections with the Sound Steamers, which is not often done at all by the old line. The new line also makes connection with the boat at Washington, both going North and returning, while the old line frequently misses this connection and always when it is at all behind time. This last point is a matter of great consequence to travelers going South, as it is not at all pleasant to have to lie over in Washington an entire day. One hour's difference in time in these fast days ought to, and doubtless will, make the line a favorite with business men, for with them time is emphatically money.

It is reported that Metz will be returned to France through the influence of Russia.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—A desperate riot occurred on the 11th in a military camp on the Curragh of Kildare between two Irish militia regiments.

Several of the participants were killed and many received injuries.

SWEDEN.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The town of Christianopel, on Kalmar Sound, Sweden, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Aug. 12.—Contreras left Cartagena on Monday with 400 adherents, and made a bold effort to march to Madrid, hoping to find sympathy and fresh accessions on the way; but his band was met and dispersed by the national troops. Contreras escaped, but his capture is probable as cavalry are in pursuit. The latest accounts report Contreras, with a few followers, has succeeded in re-entering Cartagena, which is now his last refuge.

The Carlists have laid siege to Bilbao.

The wife of Don Carlos has joined her husband and will share his fortunes in the field. The Carlist troops are wildly enthusiastic over the event.

ROYAL HEADQUARTERS,

AVANA, Aug. 9.
Via LONDON, Aug. 13, 1873.

The Spanish republican forces have abandoned all the fortified positions in Navarre excepting only Pamplona, Vitoria and Vergara.

With the exception of these cities and of

Bilbao, the whole of the northern provinces of Spain is in the hands of the Carlists.

His Majesty the King of Spain (Don Carlos) is here. He has very few troops under his personal command, but is engaged in carefully observing every possible movement of the enemy, besides noting the execution of the field duty which his generals, Dorregaray, Velasco and Lissaraga, have been respectively ordered to operate.

Reports say that General Lissaraga has captured the town of Vergara, in Guipuzcoa, twenty miles from Tolosa.

The Carlists claim that this success is the most important they have had since the beginning of the campaign.

Aug. 13.—The Carlists have begun their long threatened attack on Berga.

Six hours after their batteries opened fire the city was burning in several places.

Berga is situated within the Province of Barcelona, and is distant fifty-one miles north-west from that city. Its population is estimated at 8,000 persons. It has a garrison barracks, and embasures within its limits a hospital and several convents.

The vessel which landed a quantity of

guns and ammunition at Fontarabia for the Carlists and was afterwards captured by a Spanish man-of-war, proved to be the British steam yacht Dehronfort, well known as having rescued Capt. Semmes, of the Alabama from drowning after her engagement with the Kearsarge.

Aug. 15th.—Special cable dispatches to the New York *Herald*, from the scenes of operations of the Carlists bring news of an advance movement of the Carlists upon Aragon. The column comprises five thousand men. Beyond capturing few unimportant positions and levying contributions on the friends of the government little as yet has been accomplished. The Cortes is showing some vigor in calling eighty thousand of the reserves into the field, and with proper reinforcements the advance may be checked. Within the last fortnight the prospect has improved for the Republic, and neither Don Carlos nor Don Alfonso is certain of the Spanish throne.

GERMANY.

LONDON, Aug. 15, 1873.—Despatches from the various places in Germany where cholera prevails state that the disease is increasing in virulence.

CHARLOTTE DEMOCRAT.—This, one of the most reliable, best conducted and successful papers, has recently donned a new dress. May it continue to prosper.

MURKIN.—The dead body of the lad, Willie Carter, was found under the trestle over the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad over Swift Creek, last week. His mother and two colored boys have been arrested and committed to prison, as the guilty parties. Investigation is in progress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BRAZIL.

Aug. 12.—The insurgents in Paraguay made an attack upon Asuncion, but were repulsed and driven off. Cabralero and a number of other insurgent chiefs are reported to have left the country.

A treaty of peace has since been signed by the governments of the Argentine Republic and Brazil.

CUBA.

HAVANA, Aug. 12.—While a Spanish column was escorting several wagons, loaded with provisions, to Guanabacoa, it was attacked by a party of insurrectionists in ambush.

After a brief engagement the insurgents were repelled. Several small engagements have taken place lately between the Spaniards and the insurrectionists at Siguanas, Calabao and Yamagany.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Rev. Newman Hall will shortly make a tour of the United States.

The Town Hall of Leeds was destroyed by fire on the night of the 12th instant. It was a spacious and elegant structure.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 13.—Victor Hugo's eloquent letter to the Duke de Broglie, urging the release of Henri Rochefort on account of literary eminence, resulted in the declining of the Duke to interfere with the matter.

It is reported that Metz will be returned to France through the influence of Russia.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—A desperate riot occurred on the 11th in a military camp on the Curragh of Kildare between two Irish militia regiments.

Several of the participants were killed and many received injuries.

SWEDEN.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The town of Christianopel, on Kalmar Sound, Sweden, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Aug. 12.—Contreras left Cartagena on Monday with 400 adherents, and made a bold effort to march to Madrid, hoping to find sympathy and fresh accessions on the way; but his band was met and dispersed by the national troops. Contreras escaped, but his capture is probable as cavalry are in pursuit. The latest accounts report Contreras, with a few followers, has succeeded in re-entering Cartagena, which is now his last refuge.

The Carlists have laid siege to Bilbao.

The wife of Don Carlos has joined her husband and will share his fortunes in the field. The Carlist troops are wildly enthusiastic over the event.

ROYAL HEADQUARTERS,

AVANA, Aug. 9.

Via LONDON, Aug. 13, 1873.

The Spanish republican forces have abandoned all the fortified positions in Navarre excepting only Pamplona, Vitoria and Vergara.

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Bilbao, the whole of the northern provinces of Spain is in the hands of the Carlists.

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WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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STAUNTON, VA.

The 24th annual session begins Sept. 25, 1873. One of the first Schools for Young Ladies in the South. Twenty-three teachers and officers. Scenery grand; buildings elegant; health unsurpassed; feeble constitutions here restored; pupils from all the States. Tuition for semesters \$240. For catalogue of 64 pages, address Rev. W. A. MARRIS, President, Staunton, Va.

For Catalogue address the Principal.

344 W.

THE WACHOVIA SPKE AND HANDLE FACTORY, formerly known as Wachovia Steam Mill, is in operation, and promises to do a good business. Success to the enterprise.

Messrs. Peach & Wimmer are running a regular line of Hacks, between Salem and Piedmont Springs.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS
ELECTED IN THE DIFFERENT TOWNSHIPS IN THIS COUNTY AT THE ELECTION HELD ON THE DAY OF AUGUST 1873.

BELLEVILLE.
Magistrates—R. S. Linnville, Fuel Fulton.
Township Clerk—W. M. Madier.
Township Constable—James M. Campbell.
School Committee—T. W. J. Johnson, Stepper, Preston, T. C. Dean.

SALEM CHAPEL.

Magistrate—P. M. Marshall, J. F. Grubbs.

Clerk—T. T. Newell.
Constable—J. M. Marshall.

School Committee—T. F. Fulp, E. W. Marshall.

R. W. Grubbs.

BETHANY.

Magistrate—A. P. Stover, N. F. Sullivan.

Clerk—Timothy Kreager.

Constable—E. D. Kline.

School Committee—C. B. Ferrell, F. R. Lehman, Wm. Full.

In Old Richmond there was no election held for Township officers.

KENNESVILLE.

Magistrates—J. H. Morris, V. W. Perry, John Watson.

Clerk—W. G. Kerner.

Constable—J. E. Kerner.

School Committee—W. A. Griffith, A. Duggins.

G. H. Wilson.

MIDDLE FORK.

Magistrates—W. A. Lowry, J. B. Bodenhamer.

Clerk—A. G. Whicker.

Constable—A. S. Walker.

School Committee—W. H. Swain, H. Byerly.

N. Cox.

OLD TOWN.

Magistrate—J. H. Cox, P. L. Bilster.

Clerk—C. M. Hauser.

Constable—L. A. Hartman.

School Committee—J. M. Richmond, J. E. Petree.

P. Shamel.

VIENNA.

Magistrate—H. R. Lehman, Philip Mock.

Clerk—B. Y. Rayle.

Constable—C. L. Ziegler.

School Committee—Wm. Sprinkle, O. W. F. Doub.

H. T. Clayton.

ST. VIENNA.

Magistrate—J. H. Chambelin, L. Weavil.

Clerk—A. Teague.

Constable—H. C. Hedgecock.

School Committee—J. L. Phipps, E. B. Teague.

J. P. Smith.

ROADWAY.

Magistrate—J. M. Stafford, Thos. Spach.

Clerk—W. L. Swain.

Constable—George Shiles.

School Committee—Daniel Reich, Levi Padgett.

Adam Long.

LEWISVILLE.

Magistrate—W. A. Harper, M. V. Warner.

Clerk—J. O. Hart.

Constable—H. W. Warner.

School Committee—J. W. Binkley, Jacob Whitman, S. W. Craft.

WINSTON.

Magistrate—Augustus Fogle, T. T. Best, John Masten, H. W. Fries, G. W. Hinshaw.

Clerk—J. A. Gray.

Constable—T. B. Douthit.

School Committee—T. F. Keehn, J. D. Siewers.

R. D. McClinton.

SOUTH FORK.

Magistrate—J. M. Stafford, Thos. Spach.

Clerk—W. L. Swain.

Constable—George Shiles.

School Committee—Daniel Reich, Levi Padgett.

Adam Long.

WILKESBORO.

Magistrate—W. H. W. Sheppard.

Clerk—F. D. L. Meader.

Constable—J. J. Knause, E. J. Hine, J. P. Nissen.

WILSON.

Magistrate—P. A. Turner, C. T. Pope.

Clerk—F. D. L. Meader.

Constable—W. H. Sheppard.

School Committee—J. J. Knause, E. J. Hine, J. P. Nissen.

WILSON.

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Poetry.

The Fountain of Youth.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Read at the meeting of the Harvard Alumni Association, June 25, 1878.)

The fountain the Spaniard sought in vain
Through all the land of the flowers,
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
Gulchings, and hollows;

There, unchanging, bloom and smile,

Here dwells eternal spring.

And warm from Hope's Elysian isles

The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,

Each singing throat in tune,

And bright o'er-eveing's silver flood

Shines the young silver moon.

What change has closed the ancient sire

In its youth! For lo!

The Judge, the Doctor, the Squire

Are Jack and Bill and Joe!

And he his title what will,

In spite of manhood's claim,

The graybeard is a school-boy still

And loves his school-boy name;

It calms the riller's stony breast,

With a smiling care pursued,

And brings a sense of peace and rest,

Like slippers after shoes.

And where are all the prize won?

That flings its golden tide,

With a dash to girdle, St. fresh in morning flowers!

Flow on with ever widening stream,

In ever brightening morn—

Our pride, our future's dream,

The hope of times unborn!

Humorous.

How Mr. John Jackson Caught a Mess of Bass.

Mr. John Jackson was walking along the river bank one day, when he saw a piece of string attached to a peg stuck in the ground. He picked up the string, of which one end was in the water, and hauled in three fine bass, which by some means or other had strung themselves through the gills on the line. Jackson was so astonished by this circumstance that he did not know what to say, but he determined to take the fish home and show them. Before doing so, however, he looked about to see if anybody could give him an explanation of the affair, but he only saw a gentleman fishing some quarter of a mile off, and not wishing to interrupt him in his sport, picked up his prize and walked home with it. John Jackson had his fish for supper and pronounced them very fine, but to this day he cannot explain how three bass could possibly string themselves through the gills, to themselves around a peg, and go back to the water again. The gentleman who had been fishing must have made just such another curious capture and have lost it, for he was heard later in the evening talking very loud, and asking somebody, profanely, what the something had become of it.

A Clown's Sermon.

A sermon, preached in Virginia, by the clown of a circus is thus reported. It was evening, when the performance was about to close, the clown stepped forward and in a solemn tone addressed the vast assemblage present in the following style: "My friends, we have taken in about six hundred dollars here to day—more money, I venture to say, than any minister of the Gospel in this country will receive for a whole year's service. A large portion of this money was given by church members; a large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your preacher asks you for money to aid in supporting the Gospel, you say you are too poor to give anything. Yet you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. Ah, this is all an excuse. If you came simply to see the animals, why did you not look at them and leave?"

A Lively Timepiece.

A clock peddler was tramping along hot, dusty and tired, when he came to a meeting house wherein sundry friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest himself. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clock on the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting house, which was broken by one of the clocks, which commenced striking furiously. The peddler was in agony, but he hoped every minute the clock would stop. Instead of that it struck four hundred and thirty times, by the actual count of every friend in the meeting; for even the best disciplined of them couldn't help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the elder friends, at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said: "Friend, as it is very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey, or thou will not reach thy destination, unless this is as energetic as thy vehement timepiece."

An aged couple on Wooster-street are very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he beats at the game, she loses her temper, and declares she will not play again! It vexes him to have her act so, but he controls the irritation, and talks to her about it. He tells her how wrong it is for people at their age in life to be disturbed by such trifles, and shows her so clearly the folly of such a course that she becomes ashamed of her weakness, and returns to the game, and plays it so well that she beats him. Then he throws the board in another, and says he will never play with anybody who cheats so absurdly, and stalks moodily to bed, and leaves her to pick up the things.—*Danbury (Ct.) News.*

A wicked man in Davenport, being on his deathbed, wished to consult some proper person regarding his future state, and his friend sent a fire insurance agent to him.

A prudent man says a witty Frenchman is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.

Agricultural.

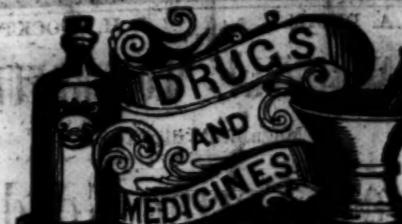
SUCKERS AND PRIMINGS—HOW TO SAVE, GIVE AND PREPARE FOR MARKET—BEST MODE OF FANCING THEM TO YELLOW, &c.

The lower, or priming leaves, is of necessity compelled to be pulled off the plant in order to make a hit to it. In this section our planters have been in the habit of throwing them away, not knowing that they were worth saving, or if they did how to prepare them for market. We will endeavor to give, as well and plainly as we can, our own and an experienced farmer's mode of treatment:

The primings should be laid in the shade until they can be taken to the barn, say spread them around the barn, two or three inches thick, string them on sticks during the heat of the day, or any leisure time you can devote to that purpose; split the stem as far down as possible, which bleeds the leaf of the green sap; soap them down, and notice them to see that they don't get too hot as they will soon commence to heat and yellow. As soon as they join or hang up in the barn, raise your heat, say like you would after you had gotten your tobacco the right color to commence curing, being careful to raise it rapidly to keep the sap going up as it has a tendency to run down. Keep up the heat until they are well cured, leaf and stem. The first season hang out in the sun and let remain through the night to get the dew, which will thicken and sweeten, also make them appear leathery. Let them remain next day in the sun, say till they get warm, then open out and cure as you do tobacco, being careful not to raise heat too fast as the stalk is too full of sap; but raise it fast enough to keep it from coming down after it is started up.

We know of planters in Virginia that realized enough from their primings and suckers to pay for the labor on the original crop they are saved from. We have every reason to believe they will sell as low grade tobacco in advancing rapidly. We expect to buy largely of primings as soon as they are cured, and earnestly call upon the planters to save them all. The world wants common tobacco and we are prepared to handle them with steam apparatus.—*Tobacco Leaf.*

JOHN H. ZEVELY,



POST OFFICE BUILDING, SALEM, N. C.

THOSE who wish to supply themselves with fresh and reliable

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
an always find them at the above establish-

ment, at reasonable prices.

FANCY ARTICLES,

PERFUMERY, SOAPS,

NOTIONS

PATENT MEDICINES,

fact everything in his line always on hand

J. H. ZEVELY

Jan. 14, 1870.

JUST RECEIVED

AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE,

POST OFFICE BUILDING,

SALEM, N. C.,

EXTRA FINE COMBS,

BUFFALO AND SHELL,

TOOTH BRUSHES KEY RINGS,

FANCY EXTRACTS,

MEEN FUN, GUM NIPPLES, &c., &c.,

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

November 14, 1872.

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FINE CUTLERY,

PERFUMERY,

CHEWING TOBACCO,

CIGARS,

Musical Instruments,

&c., &c., &c.,

AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE,

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